Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruit,
As maides call Medless when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that shee were, O that shee were
Anopen & catera, and thou a Poperin Peare.
Romeo good-night Ile to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we goe?

Ben. Goe then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Ro. He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Arise faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide art farre more faire then shee:
Be not her maide since shee is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that shee knew shee were,
Shee speakes yet shee sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am to bold tis not to me shee speakes:
Two of the faireſt starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne,
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how shee leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iuli. Ay me

Rom. Shee speakes.

Oh

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou
As glorious to this night being ore my h
As is a winged Messenger of Heauen
Vnto the white vp-turned wondring eye
Of Mortals that fall backe to gaze on hi
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Clo
And sayles vpon the bosome of the Ayre

Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Lo
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I spe

Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my Ene
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountag*
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor fo
Nor arme nor face, O be some other nam
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which we call a R
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retayne that deare perfection which he
Without that title, *Romeo* doffe thy nam
And for thy name which is no part of the
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz
Hence-forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus besc
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell th
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my sel
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hu
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maide, if either th

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